"There may be an end to the oyster business some time," remarked an old cysterman, "but it won't come for many years yet. The oyster beds of Chesapeake bay alone are 3,000 square miles in extent, and while the oysters there are probably not as plentiful as they were some years ago, there is still a good supply, notwithstanding the number dredged yearly. Of late years the supply has very considerably increased, owing to the millions of small oysters dredged off the coast of the Carolinas, and planted in the Chesapeake bay to grow. When the ocean oyster is first dredged it is too salt to eat. In several years, however, it loses its flery and very sait taste and soon increases in size. Though oysters are plentiful ail along Long Island sound, and good, too, yet the great supply is taken from Chesapeake bay, the annual yield of which is over 30,000,000

"Some housekeepers are as much interested in the color of their bread as they are in the other qualities of the flour used by them," observed an extensive baker, "and are consequently anxious to know the exact color the bread will be when made from the flour they buy. My experience is that the color that flour will give to bread can best be ascertained by placing a flattened bail of dough made therefrom on a piece of colorless window glass and allowing it to stand twenty-four hours. By then looking at the bottom of the hall of dough through the glass on which it rests, the exact color will be seen. This is the test given by the commissary department of the army to officers whose duties are to buy flour which is to be used by the army. It is perfect in its character, and is so simple that he or she who runs can read it. Personally, I do not care much about the color of bread, but many do, and these aesthetic tastes have to be gratified. When flour makes 'pretty oread' it always does so at the expense of other things, and many of the best quali-ties of the wheat are taken from it, of the things that make bone and muscle, so that pretty bread is not exactly the best for od after all."

Following in the same line another baker said: "There are many baking powders on the market, good, bad and indifferent. The great majority of them are not injurious, though some of them are positively harmful. The Department of Agriculture some years ago made a thorough examination into the baking powder question and tested over fifty brands which are popular in the market. The result was that the department recommended that housekeepers to be on the safe side, eco-nomically and otherwise, should manufacture their own baking powders. They recommended several formulas, but gave preference to a powder made as follows: Cream of tartar, two parts, bicarbon-ate of soda, one part, and cornstarch, one part. Or to make one pound of baking powder, eight ounces of cream of tartar, four ounces each of blearbenate of seda and cornstarch. This can be relied upon. It is cheaper and better than any of the pepular brands on sale, will go further and is more satisfactory in many ways."

could not save the Lincoln tree after all," said one of the White House gardeners, "and we had to cut it down, dig out the roots and level off the ground. The September storm in the matter of trees paid but little respect to these which had histories and associations. The Lincoln tree, which stood nearest the path leading frem the State, War and Navy Departn ent to the White House, had always been pointed out by the guides to visitors. It was the only tree about the grounds which was planted by President Lincoln. So far President Cleveland has not planted any tree in the grounds. We will have one ready for him to plant soon. It may be that he will plant a tree in the exact spot where the Lincoln tree stood, so as to pre-serve the line of the row. If he does not, serve the line of the row. If he does not, President McKinley can have that honor next spring. At present there is nothing about any of the trees to indicate who planted them, though almost every one of the targer trees has a history. It has been suggested and may eventually be adopted of placing a neat sgn at the base of each of the principal trees indicating of each of the principal trees indicating when and by whom it was planted."

"My experience has been that messengers in the departments, as a rule, save more money than clerks, though their salaries are only about one-half that received by clerks," said a department clerk who has served nearly forty years in the service. "In my own office the only man who can be depended upon to loan money when clerks are occasionally short is the messenger. He always has a spare five or ten dollars to loan to the end of the month, and he frequently accommodates five or six cierks during the month with small loans. It is the same in other offices that I know of. There are but few cierks who can manage to save any money, though some of them try to do so very hard. Of course clerks occupy a different position from messengers in the social world and there are as a consequence more demands upon them. They have to dress better and have to spend more money in various other ways. I know of a messenger in one of the departments who is a director in two building associations. He also owns a large amount of who is a director in two banding associations. He also owns a large amount of the stock in the same. All of this may be a reflection upon the clerks, but it is a fact all the same."

* * * * *

"The circus reminiscences in The Star of last Saturday," volunteered one of the oldest inhabitants, "recalls to my memory | some of the circuses which exhibited in Washington during the past fifty years. The United States circus ,as it was called, wintered here for several years and gave perfomances in a building now used as a livery stable in the rear of the National Hotel, some time in the 40's. The performance was somewhat different from that given by circus companies of recent years in that it consisted of a stage and a ring performance as well. Some of the play was given on the stage, which was removed and revealed the circus ring. Here Dick Turpin, Claude Duvall and the other stage robbers and villains could be seen running away with the beautiful and innocent young woman and the chase after them and their capture by others on horseback was very realistic and exciting.

"I remember attending a performance there once while President Polk was the President. He with a member of his cabi-net was present. The star of the circus, who was a very fine rider, had to capture a young lady and ride off with her. The capturing party fired horse pistels at him and had to ride around the ring a dozen or more times before the capture was effected. The star was a little bit excited and as he spoke to his fellow robbers he declaimed loudly to his comrades, 'You seize the rouse while I set fire to the girk, and away he rode with the girl in his arms. This expression was used the following day by a southern Congressman in a debate in the House of Representatives, who was very violent in opposition to a message that President Polk was as strongly in favor of

Several circus companies also in different years gave performances in the middle of Louisiana avenue at the corner of 10th street. Circus performances were at the corner of New York avenue and 14th street. Dr. Thayer gave a circus performance in a large frame building. where the public hack stand now, is at the corner of 7th street and Pennsylvania avenue, during the winter of the first

year of the war, the great attraction of which was his celebrated pair of trained mules, which he valued at \$25,000."

* * * * * * "Some of the old furniture in use in the departments, and particularly in the older departments, would today, if it could be sold, bring many times what it cost," remarked an expert on antique furniture who had been allowed to examine it. "I was much surprised," he said, "to find so much old furniture in the State Department. There are tables and desks in use there which have been used almost since the organization of the government. The same is the case in the Treasury, War and Navy Departments. In many of the rooms of the latter there are a number of desks and tables that have been in constant use for from sixty to seventy-five years, and they are as sound as they were a half century ago, barring a few dents and scratches

caused by moving them about.
"The Interior Department, Department of Justice and Agricultural Department are practically new institutions as compared with the other departments, but even they have some fine antiques. Originally the De-partment of Agriculture did its business on one cesk, with the aid of one table. That department then consisted of one man, and a small man at that. He had a room in the basement of the Patent Office building. In a few years three men were employed, and next came Mr. Joseph Wilson, who was made chief of the other three. Afterward he was designated as commissioner of agriculture, and he had six clerks allowed him. The force grew steadily until before Mr. Wilson passed away it had grown into hundreds, and finally got so large that a sepa rate building had to be erected for it. Tha original desk and chair is still in daily use in the Department of Agriculture. The bu-reau of education, later on, dld its business on one desk with one chair.'

* * * * *
Turkeys are now being fattened for Thanksgiving. That day may be considered to usher in this noble bird as a delicacy for the dinner table. For some reason turkeys are never really good until the cold weather sets in, the meat does not seem to have the same flavor before frost that it does afterward.

Perhaps the finest turkeys are thos raised in Pennsylvania, where the people know more about good living than in any other section of the country. Many of these birds are sent from the west to our markets, but they are inferior in flavor to those grown in the east. Farmers in this part of the country take great care in feeding their fowls, a branch of the business which is neglected in the west. A large proportion of the turkeys sold here come from Maryland and Virginia, which preduce very fine birds.

The turkeys we eat came from Mexico originally. They were taken from there to Europe by the Spaniards, who bred them for the table. They were liked so much that they spread all over the old world, and were afterward brought across the sea again and domesticated in the United States. Our wild turkey, which is a very delicious bird, belongs to an entirely differ-ent species. It has no white meat at all even its breast being dark. The wild tur-key can still be found in Mexico, and is the same as our tame bird.

LOST A POCKET BOOK.

A Business Man's Advertisement and What Happened. "Found-A pocket book, containing a sum of money. Owner can have same by applying at Room 43, Blank bldg., and identify-

That was the advertisement which Mr. Bilton recently inserted in The Star. He had found a dark green purse on the sidewalk while on his way to the office, and, after advertising it, went on with his reguar business. The next morning a group of men and boys stood about the door to his office, and he was regarded eagerly by the watchers when he passed in. The office boy immediately announced that a man wanted to "see about that pocket book." The man, who was long on whiskers and short on cuffs, was ushered into the office, and Mr. Bilton asked:

Well, did you lose a pocket book?" "Yes, sir: and it had some money in it."
When it came to a question of color the visitor hesitated and finally said "black." "How much money did it contain?"

"Well, er, I can't say exactly," replied the visitor. "Was there more or less than ten dollars? "Yes-that is, there was-more," said the

man, breathing deeply, as if he had cast "It is not yours," said Mr. Bilton. "Good morning." man with the whiskers walked out

and joined the group. A shabby young man, wearing a golf cap, next essayed to prove ownership. He said the pocket book was not black, but a "sorter reddish yeller," that some people might call brown." In fact, he said, it might be called by any of In answering an inquiry as to the amount

contained in the purse, the young man said: "I can't place it exactly, but I know there was between five and ten dollars in "It's not yours. Good morning," said the

business man, affably.
The young man with the golf cap walked down the street with those who waited outside. "There ain't as much as five," he told them, "and it ain't red nor yeller nor brown. You guessed black, didn't you, Whiskers?" 'T'ain't black," replied Whiskers

The next person to appear to Mr. Bilton was a young man with a pink shirt, blue striped cuffs and a green tie. He wore striped cuffs and a green tie. He wore damaged yellow shoes and smoked a cigar-

"Good morning," he said. "I lost a pocket bcok, y'know, and I guess the one you put in the paper is it. It was green, and had some change in it. There wasn't as much as five dollars, though." "Was the amount nearer five than one?" asked Mr. Bilton, quietly.

"Then this is not your purse, although it is green."
"Well, I guess I made a mistake," said the sporty man. "I guess it was a little less than two-fifty," the sporty man. "No, sir; it's not yours," said the business man. "Good morning."

Mr. Bilton had three other visitors within a half hour, who stated that they had lost a dark green pocket book, containing a sum variously estimated at \$2, \$1 and fifty

cents. The last visitor in making his report to his companions said: "Say, it just makes me sick. That guy ain't been doing a thing but having the laugh on us while we was a-lyin' to beat the band. Say! How much do you guess was in that pocket book? One cent! Yes, sir. One cent! and the pocket book ain't worth that much. De bloke just put in the ad. to get a laugh on somebody. If it hadn't been for that, he said, it wouldn't been worth while to put it in the paper at all."

He Was Rending. From Harper's Weekly.

Wife-"John Meekwon Spillkins, what are

you up to now? Reading? Humph! The idea of a man sitting down and reading a book when there are things to do about the house, furnaces to fix, trunks to be carried upstairs, and a piano to be moved. It's a pity I wasn't your mother and had charge of your bringing up. A nice specimen of a man you are. The father of a family and the head of a household. Tell me this instant what you are reading."

Hubble—"My dear, I am reading the Taming of the Shrew."

roll and lurch and pitch, along the avenue at Lafayette Square about 1 o'clock a few mornings ago. He appeared to be finding navigation ashore distinctly difficult. His gait spoke both of grog and of years of deck-sliding on beam-ended ships, typhoonassailed. He wore the uniform of a bluejacket of the American navy, with the rating badge of a gunner's mate on his starboard arm. He was a navy tar of the olden time, and had a look of the "Tuscarora" frigate about him-a captain of the foretop, not a "bright-work" sailor of the new steel ships. His cap was cocked over his left eye, and the dangling ends of his cap ribbon tickled his nose. Cruises in many a southern clime had berry-hued his white bearded countenance. Shortening sail in the teeth of many a furious blast had gnarled his hands.

He pulled up across from the treasury

and halled a navy yard bound cable train.
"Heave to, till I board ye!" he shouted to the grieman, who promptly hove to, and was boarded. The old deep water man sid into a front seat in the open car, and was peacefully slumbering in half a minute. The other seats were pretty well filled with night workers homeward bound.

At 12th street another bluejacket, a good deal younger than his shipmate on the forward seat, got on the car. He was wide awake and sober, and took a seat away aft, after having sized up the old boatswain's mate from the tail of his eye.

At 10th street the passengers on the car were startled to hear a shrill, prolonged whistle, followed by a hourse, deep voice

"Up; all hands!"
They locked around, but the sailor man in the rear seat was seemingly absorbed in gazing at his lye-blackened nails. The old

roaring:

tar forward stirred uneasily in his sleep and then nodded off again. Shortly there was another piercing whistle, succeeded by the same deep bawl:
"Sta-a-and by hammocks!" The rear-end tar still looked innocent, but the passengers this time got on to him. They grinned. The old heavy weath-

er salt forward again moved restlessly at the familiar ship's call, but did not awaken. Another ear-splitting whistle, and the deep 'Awa-a-ay whaleboat!" But the slumbering old boatswain's mate was too far gone to be aroused, although

sition sleepily. This time there was a fusilade of boatswain's whistles, and howls to wake the dead: 'Sta-a-and by scrub 'n wash clothes!"

ne mumbled something and shifted his po

"Awl-ll ha-a-ands up anchor!"
"Coal ship!" "One ha-and at the wheel and one at the cat-head to relieve the watch!"
"In stu-nsails!"

"Awi-I-I ha-a-ands to muster!" "La-a-ay aft the liberty party!" "O-o-overhaul batteries! But the old salt slept on. Then his ship-mate in the rear seat rose to his feet, let out a whistle like the highest note of a steam callope and fairly shouted:

"Awi-l-ll ha-a-ands bury the dead!"
The old-timer jumped as if something had stung him, and was wide awake in an in stant. He turned around in his seat and liscovered his tormenting shipmate ooked at him in deep disgust, and said: "Pipe down, ye lubber. You'll be sewed up in your bloomin' hammock in time

Then the two got off together and went toward the navy yard gate arm in arm.

MR. JILSON'S SHIRT STUDS.

He Also Gets Some Points About the New Woman's Wardrobe.

Jilson came home late and was in a hurry. He was going out to dinner and had only a few minutes to shave and don his dress suit. Jilson does not like to be late at a dinner party; In fact, he prides himself upon being prompt at all times. He would have asked Mrs. Jilson to put the buttons and studs in his dress shirt, but he remembered an awful experience he once had after a suggestion of this kind, and refrained. It's another story, as Rudyard Kipling would say.

Jilson came it. from the bath room, where he had been shaving. Blood was creeping down his cain, for in his haste he had gashed his face. Snatching a shirt from a drawer, he began rummaging in the cus-temary place for the studs. As he did not get them he was soon muttering like an Archibald Clavering Gunther novel. "I can't find my studs anywhere," he said, in a cold, hard tone, meant to be

severe, but yet intended to show that he kept his temper "It does beat all where they've gone to." "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Jilson from the next room. "I can't find my shirt studs," said Jilson,

in a tone which was meant to imply that Mrs. Jilson could tell where they were. "Oh, those little studs are in my white shirt waist which hangs up in the closet back of the bed," said Mrs. Jilson. Jilson made a rush for the closet and tore down a dozen or more articles of feminine apparel before he found the shirt

waist with the studs.
"I wish you would get stude of your own," he snapped out as he removed the studs from her garment and put them in his own. "You men have nicer studs than I can

get," said Mrs. Jilson without a tremor.
"My cuff buttons are gone," shouted Jil. son, a moment later. "Have you got them hid somewhere, too?"
"They are in the green silk waist, which

and the green slik waist, which hangs right next the white waist in the same closet," responded Mrs. Jlison, after giving herself time for reflection. As this was one of the articles piled on the floor in a hear it was account the horizontal state. was one of the articles piled on the floor in a heap it was some time before Jilson re-covered it. He finally came to the surface amid perspiration and profanity. "If I couldn't dress without swearing," said Mrs. Jilson, with severity, "I would stop going out." "I don't seem to have any collar buttons,"

howled Jusen, without taking time to reply to the last remark. "Have you got them stowed away in some of your mannish apparel?" •

You are fortunate if they are lost," said Mrs. Jilson: "I have tried every one of them and they are useless. The back of my neck is sore where they have cut into it, and I have had to give up wearing col-lars for a day or two. Why don't you get some decent collar buttons?"
"Where are they? Where are they?" yell-ed Jilson, and he mumbled something that was not very complimentary to womer who were wearing men's clothes.

Mrs. Jilson produced the missing but-tons and Jilson's dressing proceeded for a few minutes without interruption. "What have you done with my cuff fast-erers?" shouted Jilson. "Well, you needn't wake the children."

said Mrs. Jilson. "I don't know where your cuff fasteners are. I didn't know you had any cuff fasteners." Jilson danced about the room like a maniac. "My cuff fasteners are gone; no one would take them but you; no one would meddle with my things; no one would wear my clothes but you. Now, where are they They are to fasten my cuffs to my sleeves like this;" and Jilson illustrated with a

broken fastener. "Oh, those things?" said Mrs. Jilson, smiling. "Yes, I took them. I used them to fasten up my bicycle trousers where I lost a button yesterday.' Mrs. Jilson was then in her bicycle costume, and upon the firm demand of Jilson went after the fasteners, which were

produced after some delay.

"You men are so troublesome," said Mrs.
Jilson. "Why dign't you say what you wanted in the first place without all this fuss? Here you have been dancing about, upsetting everything, throwing down my clothes, losing your temper, all because you don't know what you want. You'll be late for your dinner, now," she added, as Jilson struggled into his coat and started down the stairs. "And don't lay the blame on your wife, as men always do."

Jilson banged the door, and something that sounded like "d— the new woman!" floated up from the vestibule. floated up from the vestibule.

TECHNICAL LANGUAGE.

Borrowed Word That Conveyed the Idea.

This young woman's father had spent hundreds of dollars trying to teach her music and painting, but it didn't cost him a cent for her to learn to ride a bicycle. All she needed was a borrowed wheel and a piece of smooth pavement. It was determined that she should learn to play the pipe-organ.

She was listening to the performance of a skillful organist, and she observed that while both the performer's hands were busy with the high notes of the instrument, he introduced into the harmonies, every now and then, a series of notes of

THE SLEEPING MARINE

great depth and volume. She was moved to inquire how this was accomplished.

"A well-equipped organ," her father explained, "enables a player to use his feet as well as his hands. That is known as pedaling."

The control of t

pedaling."

The rich and powerful strains were succeeded by a very soft portion of the composition. As the music became more and she remarked: That is ever so nice. "It is a masterly composition, and he played it well."

that where he showed his real skill was toward the last, in the portion where he seemed to be back-pedaling." AN EQUINE PHENOMENON.

Yes. It seemed very striking in the part

where he pedaled. But it seemed to me

Horse That Should Have Been a Thoroughbred for Obvious Reasons. No man on earth is so generally avoided as is the man who launches puns, puissant or puny, at his friends, though sometimes one is perpetrated that is sufficiently apropos to be almost excusable. Washington has a punster of that kind, and he got off a pun of that kind about four days ago. The punster has a friend who is a great norseman, and the other afternoon, as he

was walking along Connecticut avenue on his way home, the equestrian friend came down the street on a canter, and whirled up to the curb. And the horse he was riding was not a beauty. On the contrary, it was a bang-tail bunch of bones that looked as if it ought to be called Bicycle, because it couldn't stand up when it stopped.
"Hello!" sung out the rider, "how do you like my new horse?'

"Is he new?" drawled the punster. "He doesn't look like it."
"He is, just the same. I got him yester-

"Where did he come from?" "From Loudoun county."
"What is he?"

"He's a thoroughbred." The punster took a careful survey of the animal from all sides. "Um-er," he said, slowly, "I don't know as to his being thoroughbred, but I'm sure



"Get some good preparation and wash them yourself and your flannels won't



"They ought to be thoroughly dry in an hour from now.



"His duds are dry enough. I'll give the



"Shrunk, by Gosh!"



"Sure, sur, your clothes have been in the house dry this half hour."-Life.

MISTAKEN FUGITIVE

There is nothing on the map to show where Crimson Gulch is. If there were; perhaps the young man from the east would have kept out of the place, for he knew it by reputation. An emotional disposition is a dangerous quantity in that community, and the commercial man who had strayed into the place with no other object in view than the introduction of a new brand of soap felt that he had made a mistake in not being patient under the persiflage showered upon him as a tenderfoot. He had been riding for eighteen hours on a horse he had hastily purchased for the occasion. His haste was due to the fact that a Derringer in his hands had responded too faithfully to his aim. He knew sponded too faithfully to his aim. He knew that a number of citizens from the Guich were in pursuit of him, for every now and then he caught sight of a party riding on his trail, and whenever this occurred a salute of firearms took place. Utterly exhausted, he resolved to meet his fate like a man. He thought with unselfish regret a man. He thought with unselfish regret of the bereavement which the soap busi-ness appeared about to sustain, and he resolved to leave nothing undone which elo-quence might accomplish. When the leader pursuers arrived at the spot where he had taken his stand, he threw up both hands. "Stranger," said a man with a paper in

his hand, "ye've made us a heap of

"I'm sorry for that," was the answer.
"We don't begrudge it, however, now thet we've caught yer. But I must say ez how yer modesty hez tired out more good hosses than a round-up of steers. We're afraid ye got a ruther unfavorable impression of the hospitalities of Crimson Guich."
"Well, it wasn't any chrysanthemum

"We ain't hankerin' fur strangers. We've got a small population, but it's lively an' we don't wanter tire out the census taker. We know one another an' we're acquainted weth one another's weak points, an' we ain't likely ter have no 'special trouble until some maverick breaks through the corrail, same ez you did."

The commercial man looked around the landscape, dotted only with sage brush, and wondered what they expected to tie the tope to.

"The feller ez you puctured was rince Pete. He was the only man thet couldn't accommodate hissert er our ideas of muni-The feller ez you puctured wus Piute cipal gover'ment, especially the rules regulations of a poker game. He was the quickest hand with a gun in the county, an' tuk advantage of the fact on several cceasions ter make a four-card flush beat two jacks or better. A number of our leadin' citizens hev tried ter persuade him ter reform, but Plute Pete ailus got the drop on 'em. Now sir this here paper—" drop on 'em. Now, sir, this here paper—"
"What's the use of dragging out the ceremony? That paper's a warrant for my arrest. You want just enough legal formality rest. You want just enough legal formanty about the thing to keep it from being a cold-blooded lynching."

The spokesman looked hurt.
"No, sir," he answered; "this ain't no warrant. We assembled immediate after the shootin" an' agreed that nobody could

the shootin' an' agreed thet nobody could of wiped out Plute 1 sie exceptin a tender-loot weth nerve. Nobody else could ketch him off his guard. This paper contains resolutions of respeck, signed by the lead:n' myself is a committee ter tender ye the keys of the city an' extend ye every hospositive transon Guich kin afford, in-cludin' anything ye like ter drink, an' a stack of blue chips at the fare bank."

A TRIBUTE TO ART.

The Maid of Milesia and the Beautiful Venus de Medici.

Somewhere in Washington-just where is not necessary to the main point at issue in this short article on the development and undevelopment of art in the national capital-is a mansion presided over by a woman of wealth and refinement. She is a most artistic woman, too, and in her house are some unusually fine pieces of painting and statuary. There is also a Milesian maid, by name Maggie, who knows a deal more about house-cleaning than she does about sculpture, and Maggie has been trying for a long time to cultivate her taste up to the point of properly appreciating the painted and carved beauty with which she daily comes in contact.

Not many days 2go the mistress and the maid were going over the house with brush and broom, putting it in especial order for a musicale that was to be given to a few artists and fashionables, and the mistress observed that the maid on three several occasions passed by with cold neglect of cloth and brush a beautiful figure of the Venus de Medici, in an alcove just off the hall.
"Here, Maggie," she called, "why don't
you brush the dust off of this figure?" Which wan, mem?" inquired Maggie,

with great innocence. The Venus there in the alcove, of course. See," and the lady touched it with her tinger, "you have left dust all over it."
"Yis, ma'm," confessed Maggie, "but I
do be thinking for a long time, mem, that there ant to be something on it, mem."
It was a delightful and logical excuse, perhaps, but the lady could scarcely accept it, and Maggie's brush removed even the dusty drapery she wished to leave.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

A Similarity That Was Discovered in the Nick of Time.

A Washington young woman who collects autographs is the envy of her feminine acquaintances. She has secured the signature of the new Turkish minister. The ccentric inscription might be anything else, so far as the impression which it conveys to the Anglo-Saxon eye is concerned, but ts authenticity is indisputable, and its valie is great in the eyes of its possessor.

She had been suffering with an attack of malaria, and the physician had left a prescription. Her mother, after the doctor's departure, picked up a piece of paper, and was almost out of the room when a cry of anguish arrested her. "Be careful of it!" the daughter ex-

claimed. "What are you going to do with "Are you delirious?" was the response. "No. Don't you see what you are hand-ling in that careless way? It's the Turkish

Her mother looked at it carefully, laid it down, and with a grave countenance said:
"My dear girl, you don't know what a narrow escape you have had."
"You mean I came very near losing the autograph?"

"Worse than that. There is no telling what combinations of materia medica might have been doing deadly work if you had not spoken. I didn't notice the writing on the autograph carefully, or I might not have made the mistake; but I was just about to send it to the drug store to have it filled!"

QUESTION OF LUCK.

A Citation That Clinched the Other Side of the Argument. "I hate to hear people say there's no such thing as luck," remarked the melancholy Mr. Dolittle. "I don't see why," his wife rejoined.

"Because it isn't true," he returned with asperity. "A man can go on trying and trying, and never get along. And some other person will go ahead and tumble into good things without making any effort whatever." "Hiram, no great man has succeeded

without hard work." "That's the kind of talk you always hear. But nine times out of ten it is all owing to the opportunity that presented itself. Fortune just seems to lie in wait to kidnap some men. Look at Sir Isaac Newton. His name is handed down from generation to generation. And why? Simply because he was sitting under a tree and an apple happened to drop on him. You can't pretend that a man is in a position to claim superior merit simply because, through no action or preference of his own, he gets hit in the head with an apple, can you?" 'No, Hiram.'

"Then don't tell me about there not being any such thing as luck." "It seems to me that you've chosen a poor example in support of your argument. The case of Isaac Newton goes to show that the difference is in the people. If it had been some men that I know of instead of Newton, the first thing they would have done after the apple fell would have been to go into the house and moan for the arnica bottle; then they would have spent two or three hours of precious time talking about their bad luck."

THE SUMMER GIRL.

And How She Trents Her Acquaint-It happened on Massachusetts avenue

about three weeks ago. The girl in the case made her debut las winter and her first appearance as a sum mer girl during the season just passed. She is, therefore, young, and being

Washington girl is, therefore, pretty. She isn't so extremely rich as she is so extremely swell, and part of the summer was passed in a locality noted rather for the superiority of its natural beauty and healthfulness than the swaggerness of its set, nd here she met quite a number of people, including something like a dozen young men to whom she was so charming that she hadn't a bit of trouble in making every other girl at the hotel envious

to the point of ugliness.

One of these young men happened to be a Washingtonian who holds a respon-sible position in one of the big stores of the capital, and as he was nicer than any of the others, she did not hesitate to show him the preference on all occasions.

Naturally he began to dream dreams and to be thankful that she lived in the same town he did and that the future might mean great joy and gladness to him, not withstanding he would be able to bask in the light of her presence not longer than the two short weeks of his vacaton. So the course of things ran along and he told her good-bye with a great hope in his heart and went back to his counter to wait till she should come in the autum

As stated in the opening lines of this screed it happened about three weeks ago. He met her on Massachusetts avenue much to his surprise, for he had heard nothing from her since the summer, and there was no notice of her arrival in the society columns of the papers.
"Why, how do you do?" he exclaimed, rushing forward.

She seemed to be startled, and did not respond. "Have you forgotten me?" he asked, smil-

ing all over at the good joke he thought he had on her.
"Certainly, Mr. Blank," she replied freezingly, and with never a word more she swept by him, and today he wonders what it is that is funny in the pictures and things the comic papers have about the summer girl and her short memory.

THE DANGER OF DRINK.

Intended to Be Convivial, but Actual ly Gave Aid to a Rival.

The judge had been to a temperance meeting, and on his way home out in the Capitol Hill neighborhood he grew talkative.

"I confess," he said, with the dignity of an ex-county judge holding a \$1,200 position in the Treasury Department, "that tho' I go to temperance meetings with great regularity. I also take a drink in the same ratio because I think that a temperance meeting and a drink is each worthy of my esteem and encouragement, albeit in different ways. Yet I am a bachelor today, owing entirely to my asking a man to take a drink with me." A married man at this point suggested to the judge that he might be asked to do

something of that sort without danger of a similar result, but the judge gave him

"You see," he continued, "when I was about twenty-seven I was desperately in love with a certain girl, and I had but one rival, and him I did not greatly fear. He lived in a town about a hundred miles from mine and used to come over to spark the young lady about once a month. I knew all along that he wasn't making any headway, or heartway either, for that matter, and one day when he came over and the girl gave him permission to stay away permanently I met him at a hotel where he was about to take a 'bus for the train to take him home forever. We were good friends and he told me the sad story of his defeat and congratulated me as the supposed happy man. I thought I was, too, but you can't always tell about a woman. Well, of course I asked him to come and have a drink with me as a solace, but he demurred on the ground that the 'bus wouldn't wait and he couldn't afford to miss the train. But I spoke to the driver and assured my friend that the 'bus would give him time enough to take a nip, and he went in with One drink meant two, and when the two had been taken the 'bus was gone and there wasn't another train that night, so

I coaxed him to stay over and make a night of it with me and the boys. "This was easy enough, and we had an-other drink. It was then about 4 o'clock. and he said he would meet me at 6, as he had some business to attend to up to that time. But he didn't appear at the ap pointed hour, nor at a later hour. In fact he didn't show up at all, and we had to have our night without him. Next morning, however, he showed up, but instead of looking the wreck I expected to see, he was as radiant as a flower. I asked him what had happened, but he only smiled and hurried along to catch his train. That evening I called on the young lady, and the first thing she did was to thank me for making Mr. Blank stay over, for they had settled their difficulties and were to be married within a month. All of which married within a month. All of which turned out to be true, and they were married and have lived happily ever since. "Now," concluded the judge, as they passed a quiet place, "if all the men in this party are married men, except myself, we will go in here and have something," which was accordingly done.

HE WAS INDIGNANT.

The Colonel Insists That He Was

Victimized at the Polls. "I'm not goin' to say anything about the gold standuhd," said Col. Stillwell, carnestly, "neitheh am I goin' to indulge in any animadvuhsions whatsoevuh on the income tax, naw federal intuhference."

"I suppose you think there's no use in worrying about politics after it's all over " "It's not all ovuh, suh," was the emphatic reply. "Theah refohms needed, and they've got to come. The thing, suh, that is gnawing at the vitals of a free government, suh, is the Australian ballot, suh. The last election demonstrated that be-

The last election demonstrated that beyond the shadow of a doubt."
"A great many people regard it as a good thing," ventured The Star reporter.
"I know bettuh, suh. I speak f'um pu's'nal experience, and I know bettuh. I went into the voting booth with my mind made up as to what I would do. Theah is no use in going into publiculars as to my intentions; some of the questions which were most prominently befo' the people were set-tied beyond dispute foh the nex' fo' years, if not fohevuh. But, suh, I discovuhed a check to freedom of thought and its expres sion at the polls that strikes at the vital point of ouah glorious institutions the me' effectually because the blow is insidious. The ballot-sheet was as big as a Sunday newspapuh, suh, and, mo'ovuh, it was full newspapin, sun, and, mo ovun, it was full of pictures. It took me one minute to real it through and anuthuh to go ovuh the directions, which, I must confess, I failed to entiably comprehend aftuh I had completed their perusal. But I realized that my time was getting short, and in ohder not to run any risks I made a cross against the ticket that met with my pahticular dis-

"Why, colonel--" "I realize my mistake now. I had only stahted when I was infohmed that my time was up. A friend asked me how I had voted, and I showed him. He no longer speaks to me.
"Why not?"

"Foh the reason, suh, that I had voted the prohibition ticket."



F there are young folks In your home, and if

ST. NICHOLAS

MAGAZINE

is not a regular visitor there, buy a copy of the November number to-day, and take it home with you.

"Both in letter-press and engravings above anything that we produce in the same line."-London Times.

THE CENTURY CO.,

-You can't afford to have your clothes mangled by old-fashioned machinery. Give them the benefit of 20th century laundry methods. Send them to the Yale-the perfect laundry. 514 10th st. 'Phone 1092.

TRUTH IN THE WATER.

Smail Boy Has a Contention With His Mother About Swimming.

joyable when I had to disobey my mother in order to gratify my passion for the aqueous exercise. I don't know how many times I have been caught, nor do I remem ber how many times I have lied--

idea that drummers are born that way. "Nor how many times I have lied to her about it," continued the drummer, with an unruffled demeanor. "But, as I was about to say when I began, my love for this boy-ish divertisement was vividly recalled one day in September, when I happened to be driving to a Tennessee town about seven miles from the railroad. I had stopped to let my horse drink in a very pretty little stream that ran out from a field shut off from the road by a thicket of thorn bushes, and as the horse was taking in the cooling draught I heard a woman's voice over in the fields calling to some one. Getting a vista through the thicket, I could see that the stream spread out into a small pond in the field, and in this stood a small boy, with the water just under his arms. He was as far from shere as he could possibly get, and on 'he snore stood his mother,

with his clothes under her arm."
"'Come out of there, I tell you,' she
screan.ed shaking the clothes at him. "I don't want to,' he replied, trying to

get farther away.

"'You better,' she called. 'Didn't I tell you not to go in swimmin'?

"'I ain't in swimmin',' he sung out with a great deal more confidence and courage than before. 'This water ain't only deep consists to wade in'.

"If that had been my boy," the drummer, 'I certainly would have let him/off on the strength of that argument; but I'm afraid his mother didn't see it as I did, for when I drove away she had started home with his clothes, and it was pretty fair to suppose that the boy would and take whatever she proposed

The Reporter Meant Well, but He

Failed to Please Even when her speech was obscured by sobs there was something about her voice that showed she could sing high C and assert her right to the center of the stage. It was pathetic to see a strong woman so

utterly dejected.

her paroxysm of weeping had abated.

"Can't I see him later?" "No. He took a week's salary and went on a vacation. He said he wasn't coming back till his money was all spent, and-we

six months. "Perhaps somebody else could attend to what I want, although I don't suppose there is any use in my asking for justice. It must have been pure malice."
"You refer to that item about your di-

"Weil, it seems to me that you are exceedingly unfair to the reporter. Why, he did his best to be compilmentary. No less than three times he alluded to you as the 'fair plaintiff.'" "Yes; that was very nice of him. But

"That's the sentence!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet. Her indignation dried her tears, and shaking her elenched fingers at the newspaper, she said: "What did he mean by trying to humiliate me in the eyes of all those spectators? How dared he in-sinute that the common old things I wore

The Daager of Over-Assumption Finds a Homely Illustration.

big-feelin' dese days." Pickaninny Jim looked abashed, but answered:

onet in er while, it's case I knows de meanin of it." "Da's puffickly propuh. Mek de bes' use yoh kin o' yoh opporchunities. But doan git ter s'posin' dat case yoh got 'em dis hull yearf was made for yoh benefit; case

"Wus de flea 'long wif de res' ob 'em?" "To be sho. When de ahk wus er buildin' 'whut's dis foh?De hippopotamus he 'splained hit ter 'ım, an' de flea says, 'I wonduh is my name down on de passenger lis'.'
De hippopotamus he say, 'I d'no. I's 'fraid
you's so small dey done fongot yoh. But you so small dey done longot you. But you kin climb on my back an' go 'long wif me, case nobody won' notice yer.' So de flea he got on bo'd de ahk, an' mighty thankful, too, not ter be lef' out in de wet. But when de trip wus ober an' de ahk done come asho' he 'gin ter strut aroun' an' swell 'is chest out. De lady bug an' er few mo' animiles wif wings dat had got ter de mountain wifout ro help, tuk notice ob 'im, an' stahted er convulsation. Dey seen Noah an' his sons busyln' dahse'fs roun' de gang plank, an' de lady bug, she say, 'Who is dem gemmen?' De flea, he looks ober his shoulder sorter careless an' grand

The String Did Not Brenk.

Captain of Pleasure Steamer-"Madame, it gives me great pain to be obliged to tell you that your little boy's hat has blown

tied on with a string."

Captain—"Yes, that was just the trouble.
The string did not break."

"An influence for good that should be in every household where there are children."—Rechester Herald.

25 Cents. A year's sub-scription, \$3.00. Union Square, New York.

"If there was anything more than another I liked to do when I was a boy," re marked the drummer to the group of list eners, "It was going in swimming; and it seemed to me to be ever so much more en-

"Ah, there," interrupted a man with an

enough to wade in."

SHE WAS MISREPRESENTED.

"I want to see the horrid reporter who wrote the contemptible piece about my miserable suit for divorce," she said, after

"He's out," was the prompt and positive answer of the editor, who is a humane man.

don't look for him in any time less than

vorce?

"I don't find anything that is not in the same vein. He says: 'The lady's toilet had evidently been an object of much care; it was a triumph of the milliners' art and a monument of her elegant taste in such matters."

to that court room are the best clothes I

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

"Lok yuh, sonny," said Uncle Eben; 'pears ter me laik yoh wus actin' mighty

"I's gittin' 'long purty good in school, I is, an' I reckons dat ef I uses big language

ef yoh does, yoh's gwineter git yohse'f laughed at, same ez de flea did when de ahk done lan'd on Mount Ararat." de flea come 'long, an', lookin' 'roun', says,

an' he says, 'I couldn' tell yer. We didn' 'sociate none wif dem. Dey's jes de deck han's dat run de boat. Me an' de hippopotamus hyuh is passenguhs, we is.' An' eber since dat day de flea ain' had no standin' in no society whutsomevuh."

From the Chicago Dispatch.

overboard." Fond Mother-"Why, I thought it was